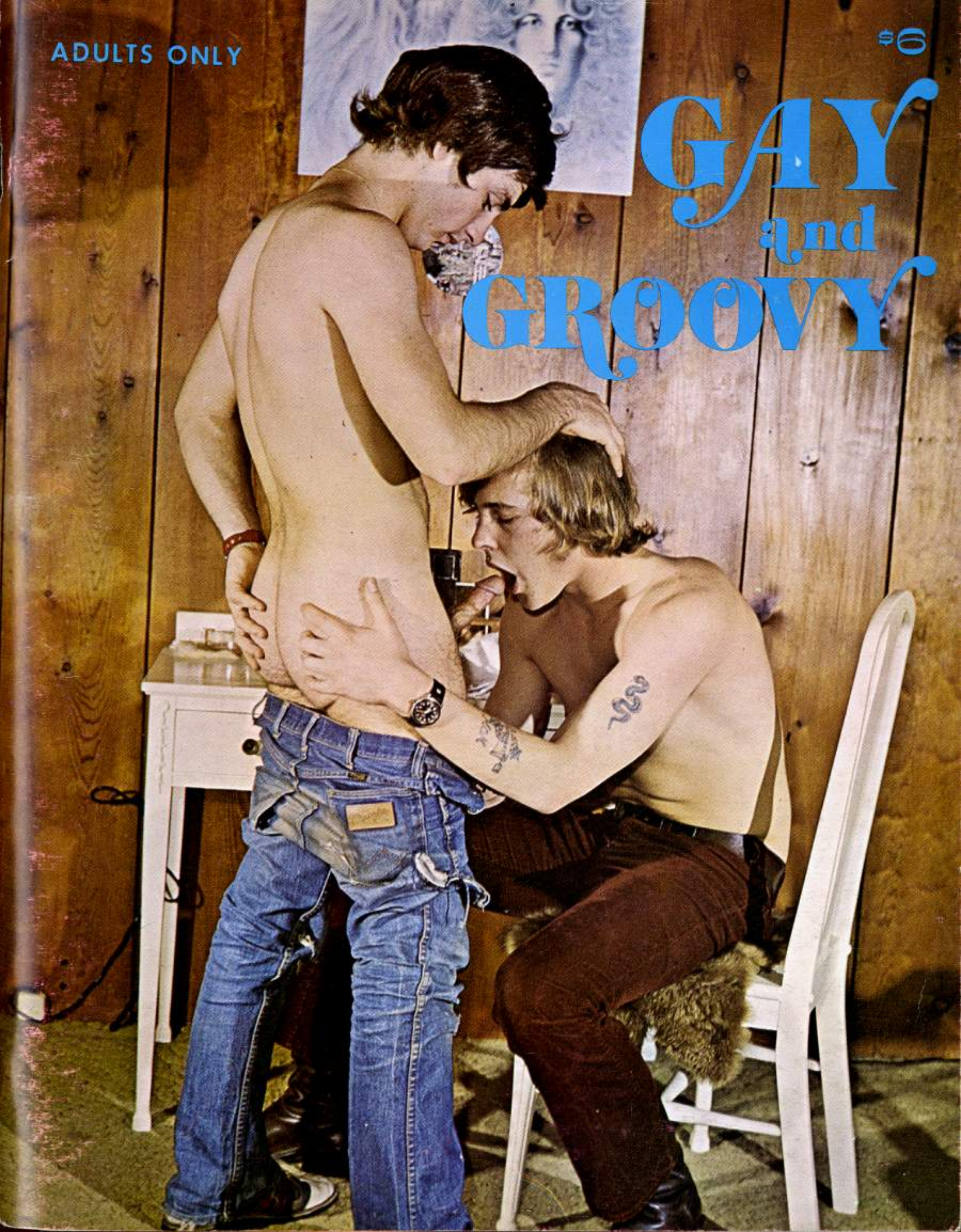
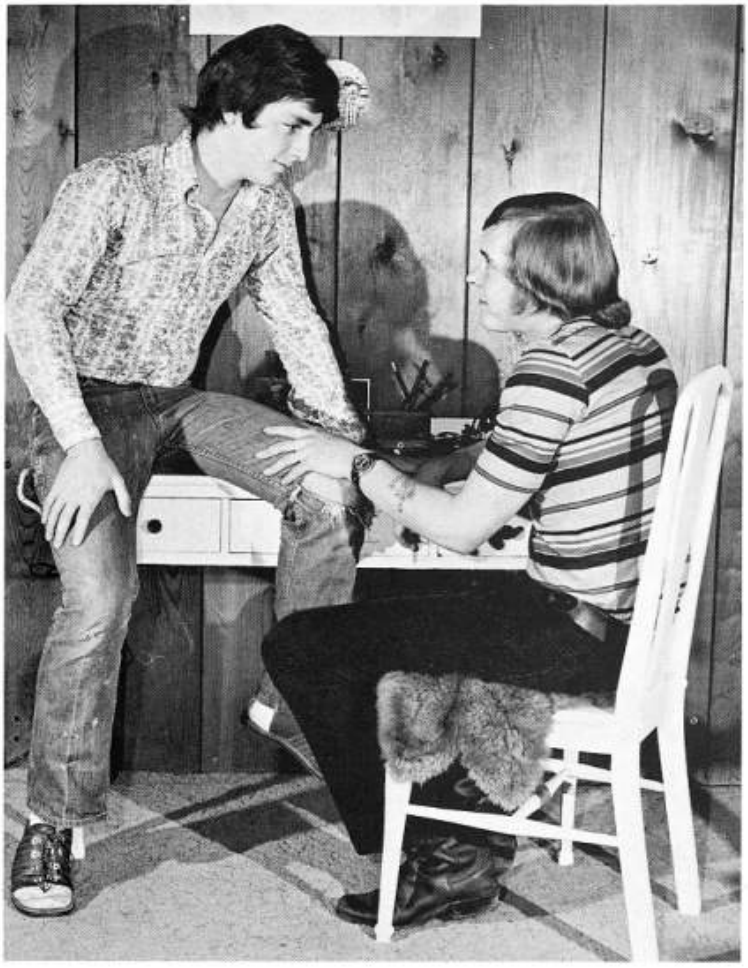
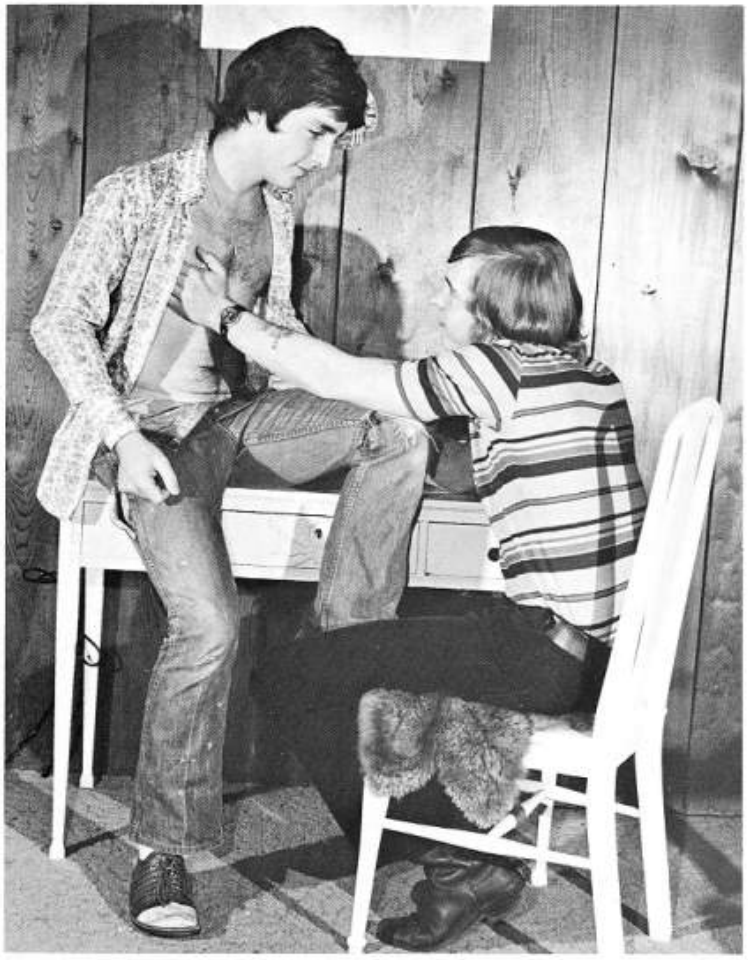
ADULTS ONLY

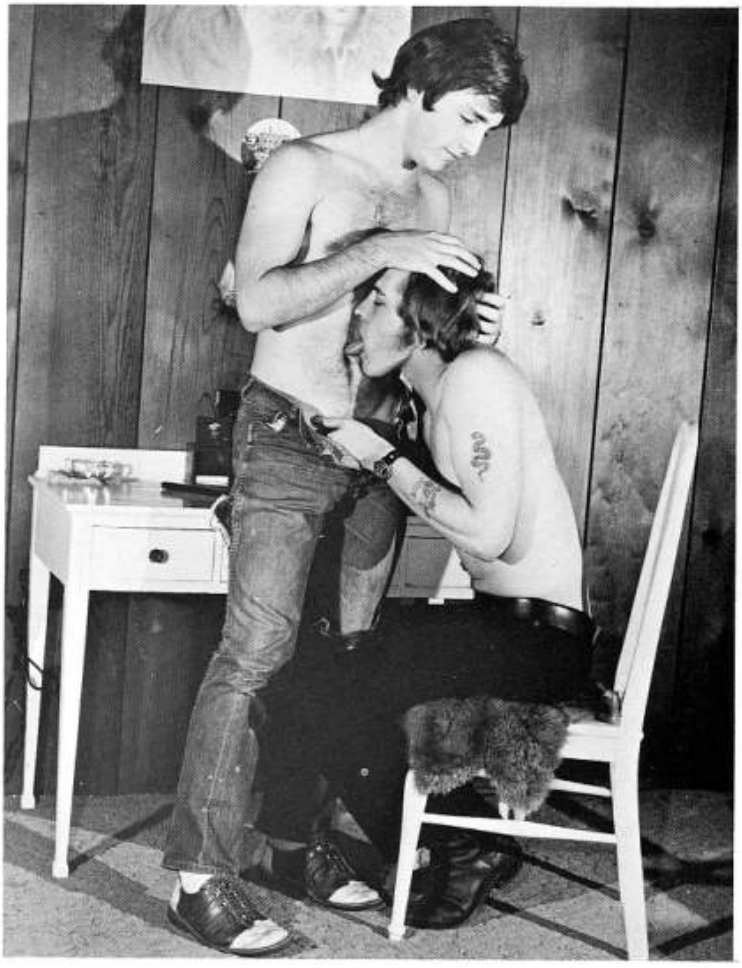
$6

GAY and GROOVY









IN THE GROOVE

Larry Olson had gone directly from a rural New Hampshire village to Fort Ord and to Danang. It was in the war zone that he realized how he felt about other guys, but he preferred not to recollect his experiences there. His barracks buddies began calling the delicate little Arvn soldiers "faggots," and that was when Larry first became unsure of his own masculinity. He liked the Viet Namese, and he wasn't much larger than some of them, so he suffered some really vicious razzing.

His uncertainty about his masculinity was short-lived. He'd never felt any doubt of it before, and he proved it both in the field and in a fist-fight with a Pfc who kept calling him "Mary Jane." He knew at the time he'd much rather have had another kind of physical encounter with the Pfc, and in the days after the fight, it became obvious that the soldier had similar notions — but then a VC sniper cut Larry's visit to Southeast Asia short. He returned to the States with two nearly invisible scars, with a row of decorations he now despised, and a few tattoos. He came back a man, grown up in barely eight months.

He came back, not to New Hampshire, but to Los Angeles which he'd visited briefly — and liked — on his way over.

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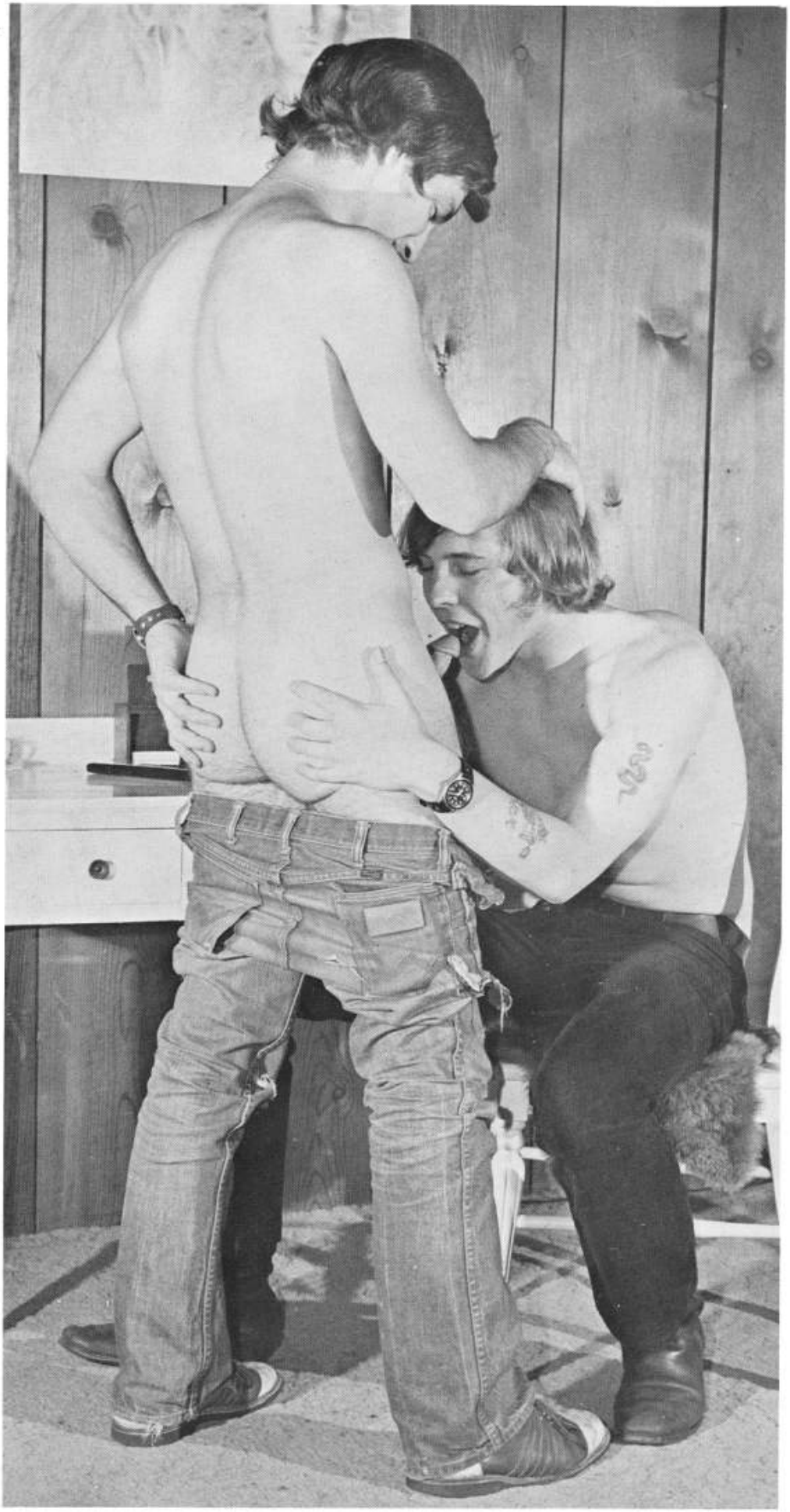
Mom

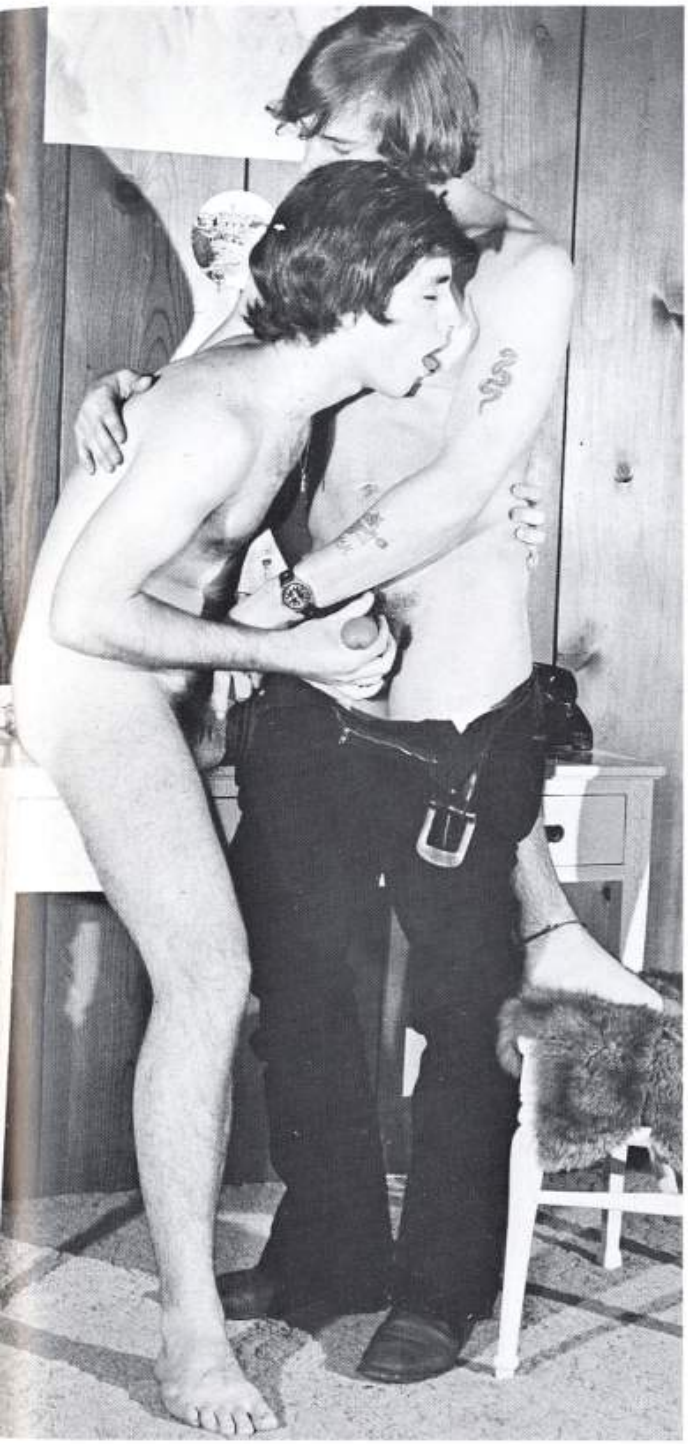


A filling station job, a small room near Hollywood, and he was finding a new world opening. . . .

He soon found the Gas Station, and on his second night in that lively bar, he found Danny O'Connel. Each just past 21, they were remarkably alike in build and temperament. But Danny had grown up Gay. Lessons in sexuality that were still ahead of Larry, Danny had mastered before he was ten.

At seven, he'd seduced an older neighborhood boy back in the Bronx, and he'd been active ever since. He'd had relatively few crushes, and none quite like what he felt for Larry almost the moment ther eyes met. Larry was understandably sentimental, but Danny had always viewed sex as something to enjoy, not something to moon over. But it was Danny who got mooney-eyed even before they'd begun a conversation — which in its first fifteen minutes hardly amounted to two dozen words.

Then they danced, and by the time they'd gone through two long Iron Butterfly numbers end-on, no



one could have pried them apart.

Outside the bar, Larry stammered, "I live about two miles from here . . . but I don't have wheels."

"My place is just three blocks," Danny said. "Let's walk." The night was warm and jasmine was thick in the air as they skipped along like schoolboys, holding hands, kissing soulfully, with no shyness whatever.

Danny had a large, smartly designed room upstairs in his parents' house. Larry was shy about this at first, but Danny said his family knew the score. Inside Danny's room they both became shy. While neither took his intent eyes off the other, they turned garrulous, talking compulsively about their parents, their interests and hopes.

It took a half hour before Larry reached his hand up to Danny's exposed knee. He was overcome by a delight of dizziness as he did.

Then as Danny's kiss came soft and moist down

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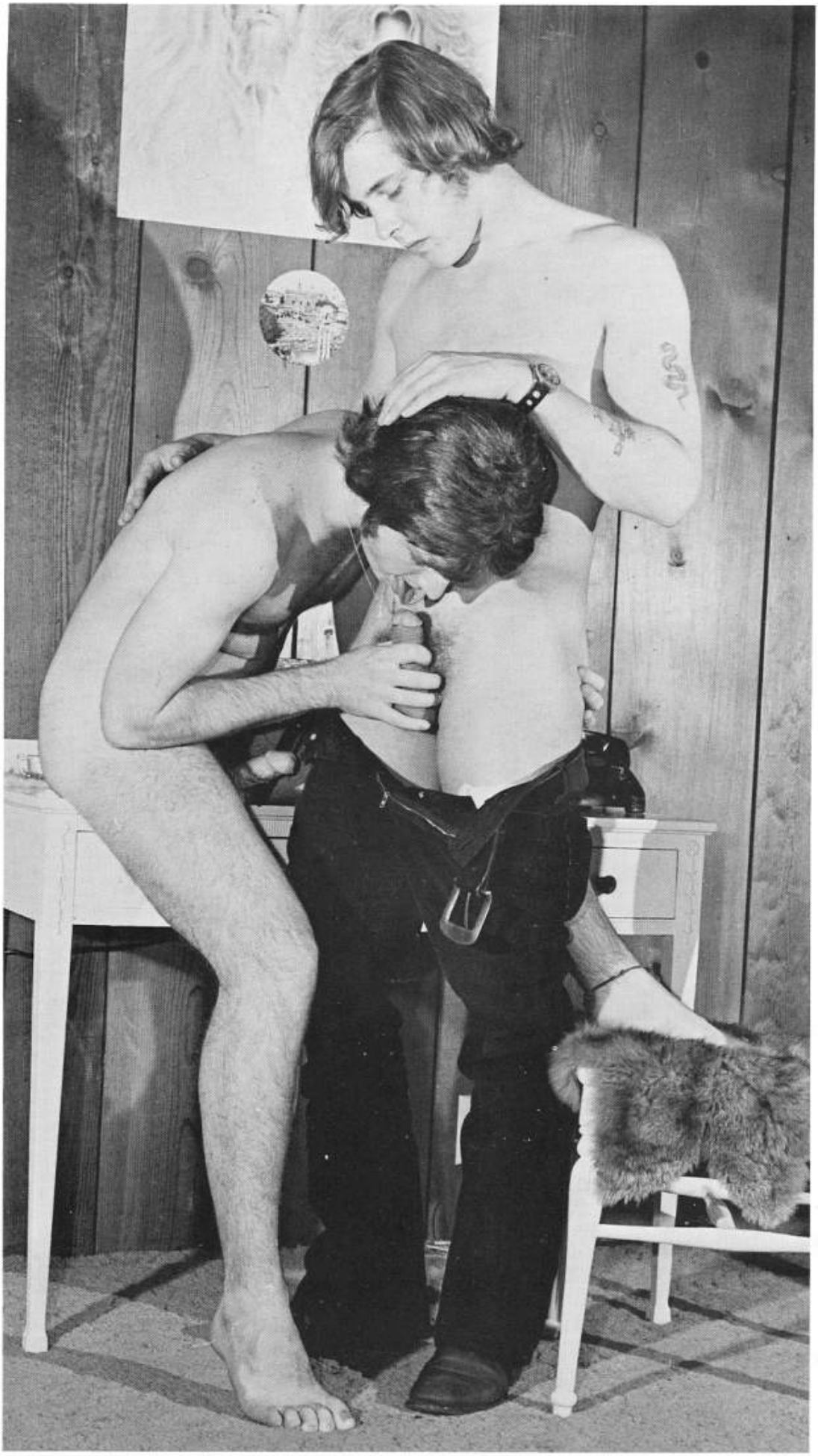

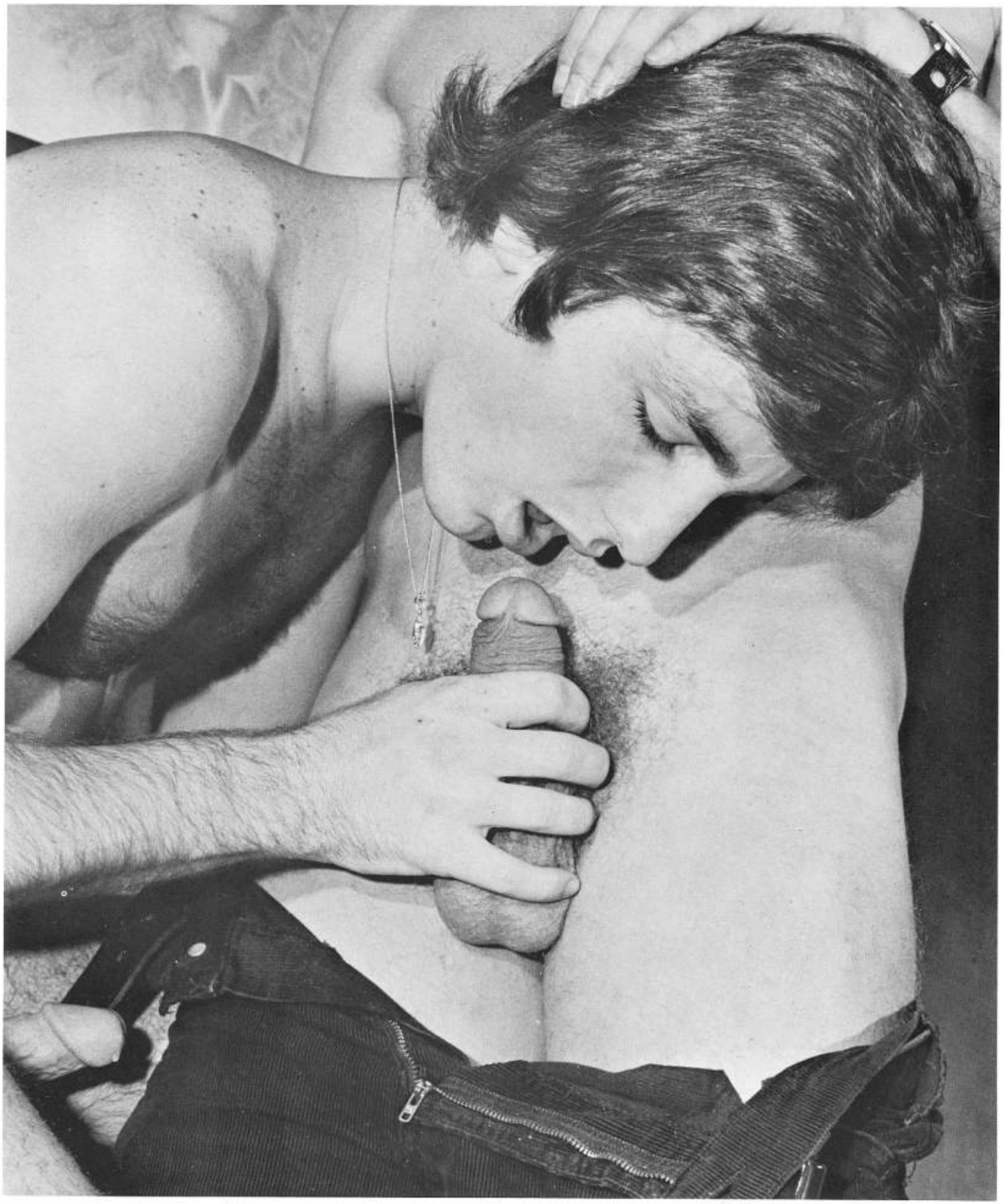

to Larry's forehead, Larry's other hand found its mark, closing firmly over the solid bulge of Danny's crotch. He recalled that he had wanted to make such a gesture to silence the taunts of that Pfc in Danang — but then all other males faded from his mind and Danny occupied him body and soul.

Larry's body was virtually hairless, and as he unbuttoned Danny's shirt and began to undo his provocatively torn jeans, he was overcome with excitement at the sight of the patterned soft black hair on Danny's olive-hued chest.

Larry was nearly virginal — despite once blowing another farm boy, two experiences with young Viet Namese, and three unsatisfactory encounters already in Hollywood. By comparison, Danny felt like an old hand, getting some High Schooler through his first frightening fuck.

Not that Larry seemed either frightened, or at a loss as to what to do. His weeks in the Hospital had been spent mentally inventing quite a few variations he had not yet had the occasion to practice.

He took the lead, undressing Danny, running his hands and tongue hungrily, lovingly through Danny's dark stomach hairs, then down onto that beautiful, urgently erect cock. He teased it with the tip of his tongue and it jerked invitingly. He closed his lips over its flaring tulip-head, tasting the salty pearl of fluid already there, while his hands clasped Danny's neat buttocks, drawing the cheeks apart. Danny wiggled, had a mental orgasm, as his anus opened slightly to the air, and he grew impatient to receive Larry there.

He got too dizzy to stand, and Larry, who'd just pushed Danny's jeans to the floor, had to stand up to steady the other boy. Guiding Danny's shoulder with one hand, cupping his balls snugly in the other, he steered Danny back to a sitting position on the small desk.

Danny's mind had slipped away from the present, off to a tremulous fantasy of introducing Larry, next morning, to his parents, then off to a honeymoon on Spanish islands in the Mediterranean where Danny and his family had spent some weeks last year.

But such dreaming didn't prevent him from taking Larry's cock in his hand, sliding Larry's pants down over his pale hips, noting the similar size, shape and angle of both their cocks, and swamping Larry in a deep, long kiss. It was the first tongue-probing, lung testing kiss Larry had experienced. Yet, as the kiss lingered for day-long minutes, Larry felt he had "been in" this kiss before, that he had kissed Danny O'Connell on many a lonely night as he drifted off to sleep — in the Field Hospital, at Danang, or a dozen years back in New Hampshire.

He tightened his arms around the other boy's soft, firm body. He felt that for all of his life, the other had been but a kiss away.

As his lungs were about to burst, he broke the kiss, giggling, and told Danny his "silly" thoughts. Danny turned pale, blurting, "That's real cool! I was feeling just the same. . . ."

"We were sitting on a high rock, by some island in the sea. . . ." Larry mused, and Danny could recall sitting for long hours at that spot, wishing for

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a companion. His tongue trailed down toward Larry's darkly colored meat, his mouth lingering just over it, immersing it in the gentle Mediterranean breezes of their dream.

Then in a more playful mood, he bent Larry forward over the chair, moved his tongue around to the other side, enjoying the cool, smooth saltiness of the boy's skin, seeking the cleft and breaching it.

But Danny wanted to be breached himself first. Larry, with the same mind, pulled him up to another kiss, longer than the first, a hot, earthy kiss, full of devilment and teasing, a buildup to a long, position-shifting oral pursuit of Danny's throbbing cock.

But while Larry's mouth was hot for that choice morsel, Danny felt a ravenous hunger building up in his ass, and the twitching of his cheeks, the contractions of his sphincter, lured Larry's fingers, and then his long full tongue, and finally his darkly engorged root and stem into that burning vortex.

Danny's cool appearance as he bent over the desk, offering his buttocks to receive his lover, belied his feverish hungering to be stabbed, to be transfixed, to eat in reverse the meat of his love. And no observer, peeking through a keyhole or window at Larry, as he shoved his stubby stem into that hot waiting chamber, could have recognized by looking the eternal, consuming fire that had raged up inside Larry as soon as he felt his cockhead press through Danny's hot ring, as he felt that ring slide

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down his shaft, as his cockhead lanced into the soft rectal tissues, as Danny's downy buttocks met his own pressing thighs, as his shaft reached and strained against its limit, as he reached his hands under Danny's thighs to draw them closer together, as Danny stood up against him, gasping, twitching his rear, drawing that binding ring tighter, and as Larry rested his long hair and fevered face on Danny's shoulders.

They didn't pump, this first time. Their flesh was too fully responsive to need such exercise. Larry's hands kneaded Danny's gut as Danny stretched his neck back for a kiss. The pressure reached full tide as Danny guided Larry's hands down to cup his untended cock, and in that moment, they were enveloped in starshine.

Without quite breaking the connections — their lips, Larry's roman candle in Danny's butt and Danny's in Larry's tightly clasped hands — they staggered to the bed and collapsed on it, still coming. Danny was fastidious, though he gave little thought to it right then, but they rolled onto a towel, and Danny was still coming when Larry began to rub his cock vigorously with the heavy, rough towel.

They lay there perhaps an hour, Larry's flesh slowly shrinking inside Danny, but Danny holding it tight to keep it from slipping out. They felt they were too exhausted for any more that night, exhausted and fully satisfied. But desire replenishes itself, and their langorousness passed, to be replaced by a boyish romping, teasing and athletic testing of one another.

Though his parents fully accepted his escapades and his partners, Danny had enough consideration for their sleep to have selected bedsprings which wouldn't ordinarily have been noisy — but from 4 A.M. on, the bed broadcast a veritable rock concert of squeaking and rattling.

Their first 69, with Larry on his back, started with an air of worshipful love, but the mood changed to playful rape as Danny flipped Larry's legs up in the air and dug his hot shaft into Larry's virginally tight asshole. Larry screamed, first in pain then in encouragement. "Come on! Come on!"

Danny pressed in and out with slow, short thrusts, while Larry's butt seemed to rotate like a washing machine agitator.

Breaking contact momentarily, Larry flipped Danny onto his back, sitting down on Danny's ready-to-climax cock. Larry flopped down on him for a panting embrace, but as Danny began to spurt, Larry sat bolt upright again, seeming to go into a trance. With a loud gasping, he jerked himself off, hit hot cream arching down onto Danny's face and chest, while Danny's own seed kept jetting into Larry's bowels.

But Danny's cock remained urgent and throbbing. "Do you want some more?"

"Silly question!" Larry replied. "I want all you can give me, tonight and for as long as you're willing to give it."

They rolled over: Larry now on his back, Danny's cock still like a branding iron inside him, Larry's legs awkwardly in the air. They established the night's

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record for an unbroken kiss, while Danny pumped wildly against Larry's rump. Larry received gladly, though in this position, his prostate took a painful pounding.

It took Danny a long time to come this time, and as Larry began to coax the gentle stream into himself, Danny's head and shoulders seemed to hang suspended above him, while they engaged in a seemingly cool weighing of the question of whether Larry had any strong reason for maintaining separate quarters elsewhere. He did not.

Then Danny's mother's voice at the door: "You kids come on down to breakfast — right away!"

Lance Falcon

NIGHT RIDE

Sonny Scott, a two month veteran of his own law practice, was driving down Western Ave. to meet a client when he saw the strikingly dressed youth waiting for a bus at Beverly. Was it the promise of a fine body under the dark outfit, or the jaunty, almost defiant stance, or the sad eyes in the freckled face?

Whatever it was that riveted Sonny's attention, he almost rear-ended the car ahead, a Freudian driver's slip, since it was doing just that to the youth that had crossed his mind. It wasn't Sonny's habit to pick up strangers, but for once forgetting the client waiting a few blocks away he burned rubber getting around the block and pulled back to the curb.

He threw open the door and asked, "Can I give you a lift?"

He hadn't noticed the several others at the bus stop, and was chagrined when an old lady started to get in his car. "Sorry honey, I'll give you a lift some other time. I was stopping for my friend here." His eyes made a specific and urgent invitation.

The youth got in — jauntily, but distant. He knew damned well he'd been offered more than just a ride

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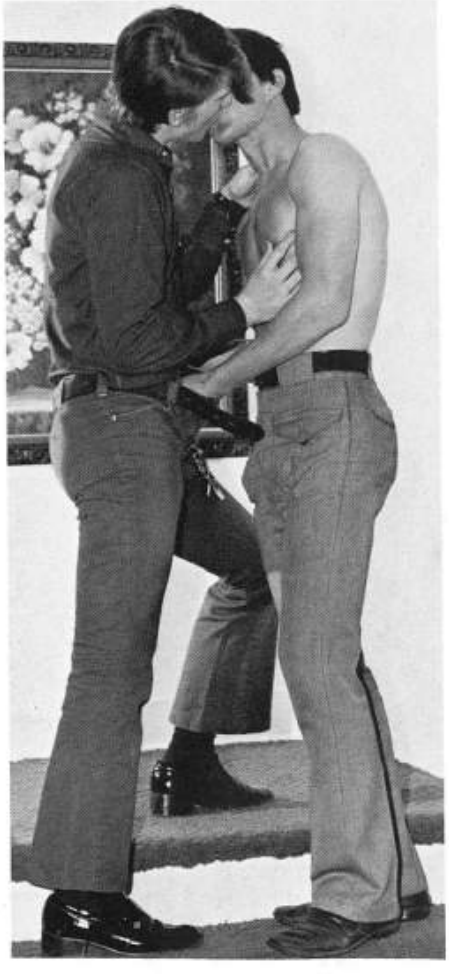

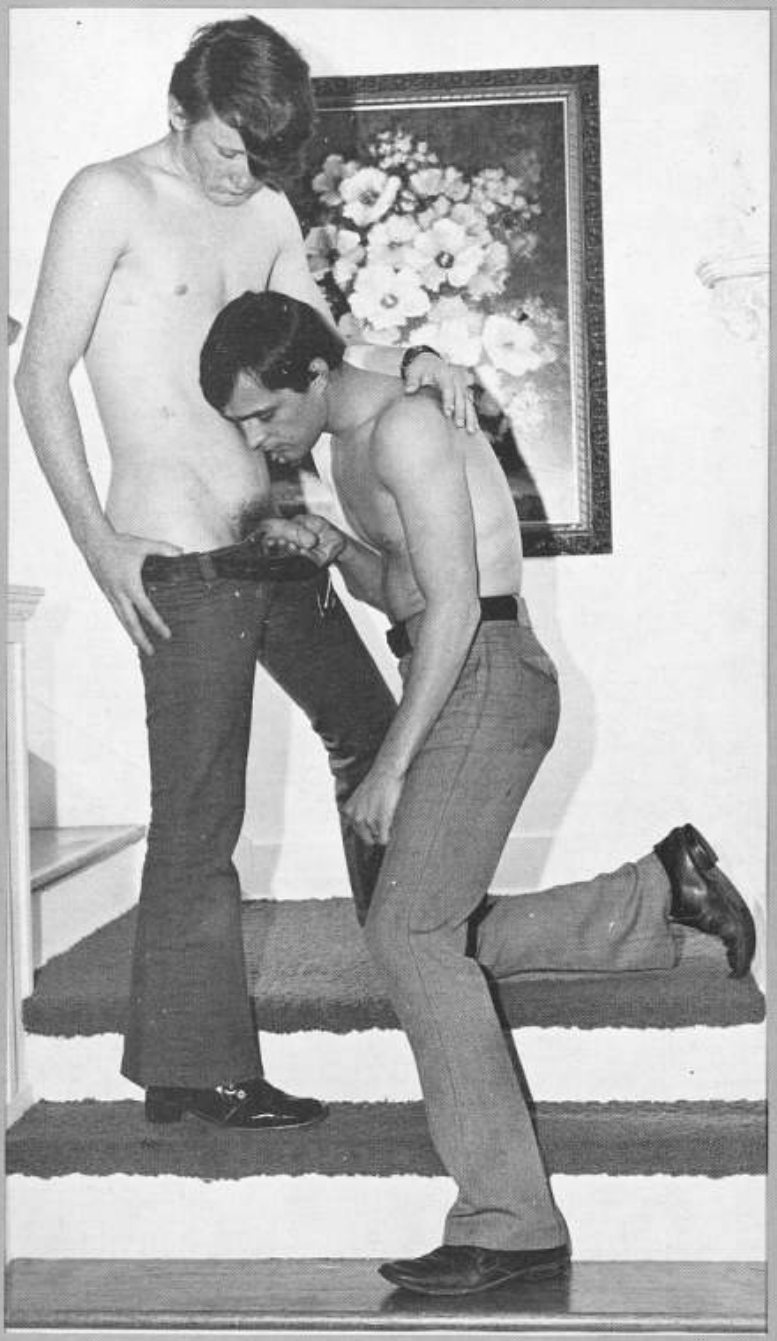

Introductions, on the landing after a long kiss, produced a shock which riveted them to that spot for almost two hours. Jim Taylor was the client Sonny Scott had been hurrying to meet! Sonny had gotten a call from a slight acquaintance: "A friend

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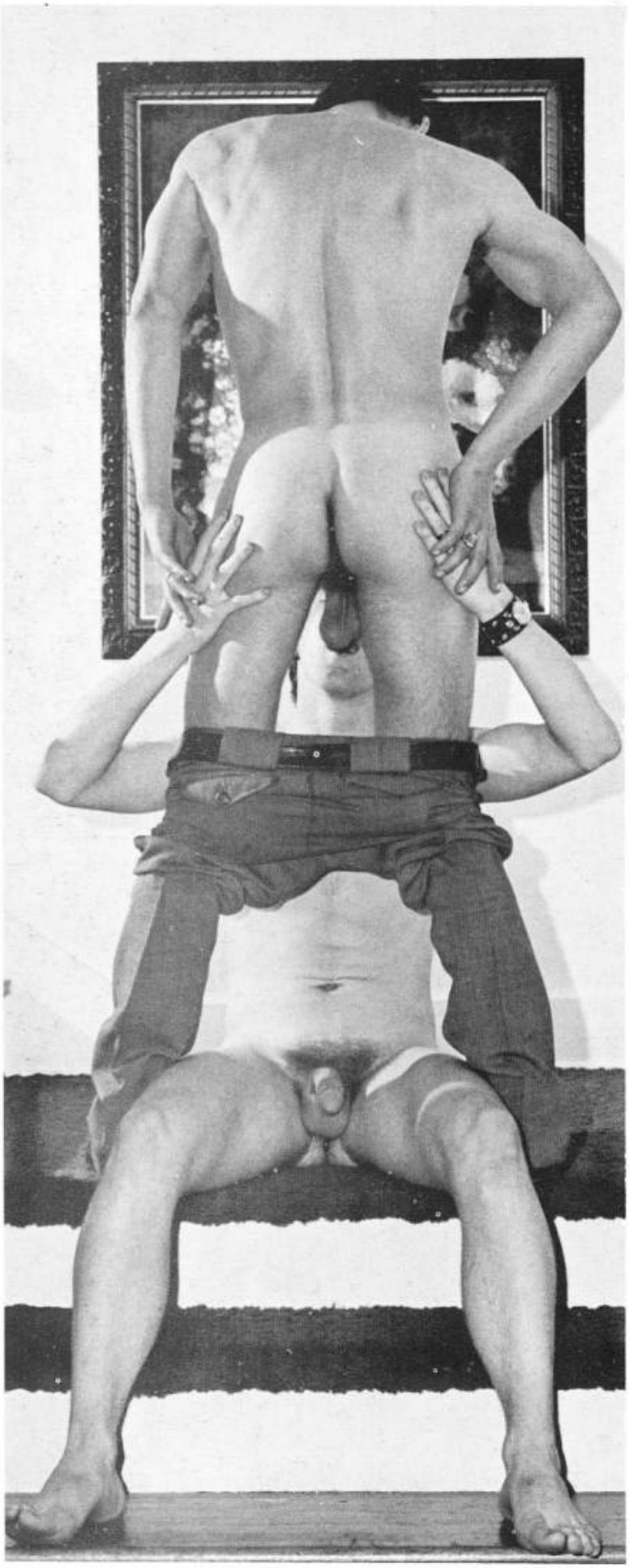
up the street — but he also was on his way to an important appointment, and he had a fear he'd perhaps once again gotten into a vice cop's car. He was interested, but he wasn't about to commit himself too soon.

Jim Taylor didn't relax until he was inside Sonny's elegant apartment. A vice cop, he felt, would have wanted to go to Jim's place, besides, this apartment, while not showy or femme, clearly marked its owner as Gay.



of mine has a bum-rap 647a, and needs a lawyer who'll fight but won't stick him too bad."

"Damn!" Sonny said, "I don't usually interview a client this way, and believe me, I've never let business go before for a pickup, but I guess this is going to be an unorthodox client-lawyer relationship. . . ."

"I'm all for whatever's unorthodox," Jim said, snuggling closer, then running his hand and nose up under Sonny's T-shirt, while his other hand clasped Sonny's generous crotch. Sonny was still apologizing — "what if it was someone else I'd picked up and I'd left you waiting?"

Caressing his bare chest, Jim said, "Wasn't just you that was turned on. I saw you a block away, like it was Fate. I never felt anything like it before. And I was trying to hide it. . . ."

Conversation stopped as Jim's shirt came off and Sonny's lips explored every freckle on the youth's chest, his ripe, sensitive nipples, and then down to his pink cock. Jim's pale skin seemed to glow and burn as Sonny went down for a thirst-slaking drink at the lad's fountain.

Sitting on the step, Jim then pulled Sonny over him, lowering Sonny's pants, drawing Sonny's fat, ready meat into his mouth, back down into his throat, sucking furiously, drawing more blood into the shaft, thrusting it roughly from side to side with his tongue, fighting to keep from gagging as he lost his breathing control, withdrawing the head of it as he felt its powerful throbbing begin, grabbing the shaft with one sweating hand, squeezing it with his mouth and hand, squeezing the balls snugly with the other hand, swivelling his head around over the cockhead, sucking furiously to draw the vital juice out of Sonny's gut, rolling the salty, murky cream over his tongue, trying to poke his tongue tip into the hole from which the cum flowed, biting gently at the throbbing shaft, bouncing and teasing the balls.

"Go easy!" Sonny yelped, a howl of some pain and considerable joy, joy increased as Jim's hands cupped the taut cheeks of Sonny's ass, as a finger from each hand searched in the thick hair, jabbed roughly inward until Sonny could feel Jim's class ring inside him, sending lightning bolts from Sonny's gut into his exploding brain.

Moments later Sonny was down on the step for a turnabout, but Jim was so near coming that Sonny worked to hold him off. Still, in two minutes Jim's sweet jism was bursting into Sonny's throat, and Sonny felt the lightning again. He'd always taken lightning descriptions of orgasm as a melodramatic euphemism, but the sensation was just like that.

At this point, Sonny expected to lead Jim up to his bed, but Jim liked it on the landing, and wanted another drink, without delay, at Sonny's fountain. Sonny thought the fountain was dry. The pump was certainly shrivelled up. But a little gentle and inventive manipulation, Jim pressing his fingers into the pocket of flesh under the pubic hair, and Sonny, though soft, was ready to shoot again.

"I'm coming," he said, crouching forward for a

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69. Jim got the cum half on his mouth and half in. They sucked for another 20 minutes until Sonny came again. "Guess I need a rest to stoke up," Jim said.

They didn't rest long. Sitting there kissing — with interludes of punching and tickling — Jim was soon back down on Sonny's freshly aroused cock, but after a few minutes of sucking and manipulating himself, they both became drowsy and staggered upstairs arm in arm, Sonny pausing briefly to rim Jim near the head of the stairs.

As soon as they collapsed on the bed, both were charged up again. Their next 69 was fast and furi-

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ous, each shooting a forceful jolt into the other's mouth.

"I didn't know lawyers tasted so good!" Jim joked, but with feeling.

"I like your maple sugar too," Sonny replied.

"Oh, yours don't taste like sugar, more like hominy, or, I don't know what, but I know I like it. And I want more of it than just today. . . ."

"You're welcome any time. No one else's standing in the way, far's I'm concerned."

"Sucking ain't all I like," Jim teased. "I want your tail. I want in there real bad."

"Isn't your dick too soft for that now?"

"Slide your ass back down and see."

Sonny, sitting on Jim's chest, slid back, and the meat that slapped at his backside was hard and hot.

"I'll buy that!" he said with relish.

"I don't sell," Jim protested. "Buying your legal service is one thing, but what we're doing now's 50-50, and all for the love of it."

Sonny hugged him. "Didn't mean to put you in that bag. My fee for your case is exactly 69¢ cash. But right now, you want to fuck me and I want to ride your rail. . . ."

They both gasped as Sonny raised his hips and Jim steered his arching cock to the hole. It was tight as hell, and Jim felt the hairs would lacerate his cockhead. Sonny wiggled his hips, loosened a bit, then dropped hard on Jim's thighs, taking it all the way, painfully, gloriously.

They both came instantly, and both went soft.

"Shit!" Sonny protested. "I wanted a good, long ride!"

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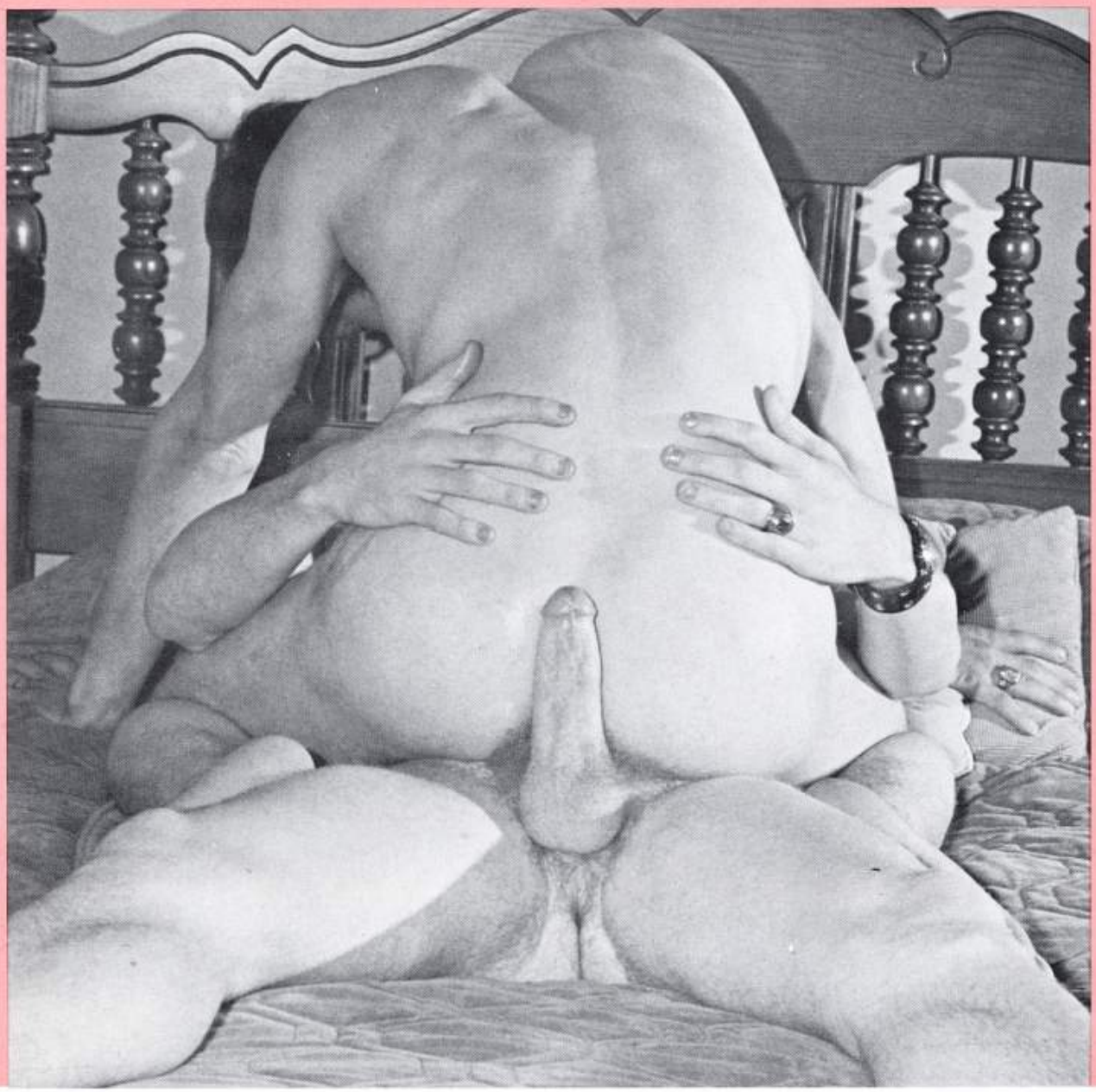
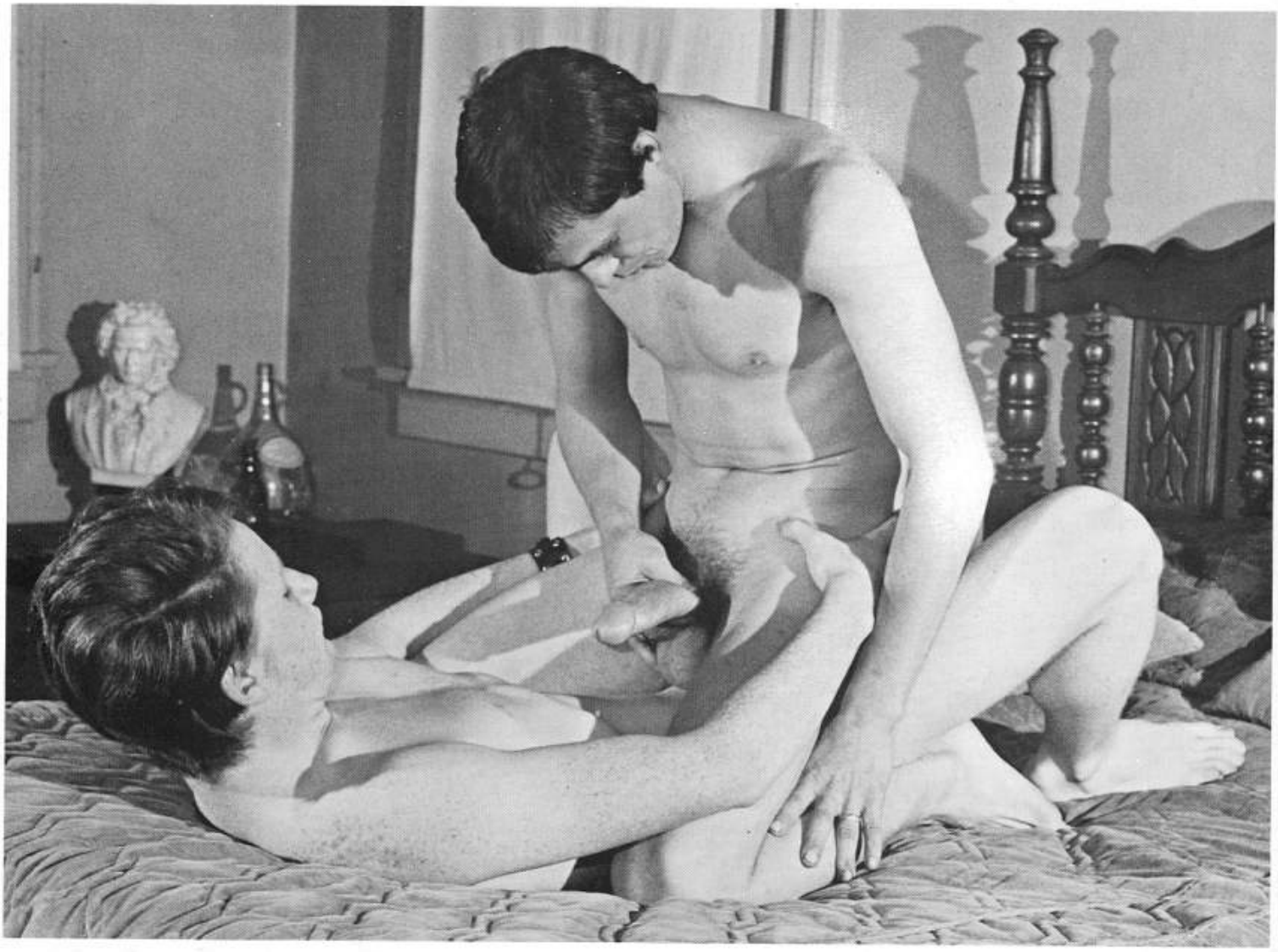


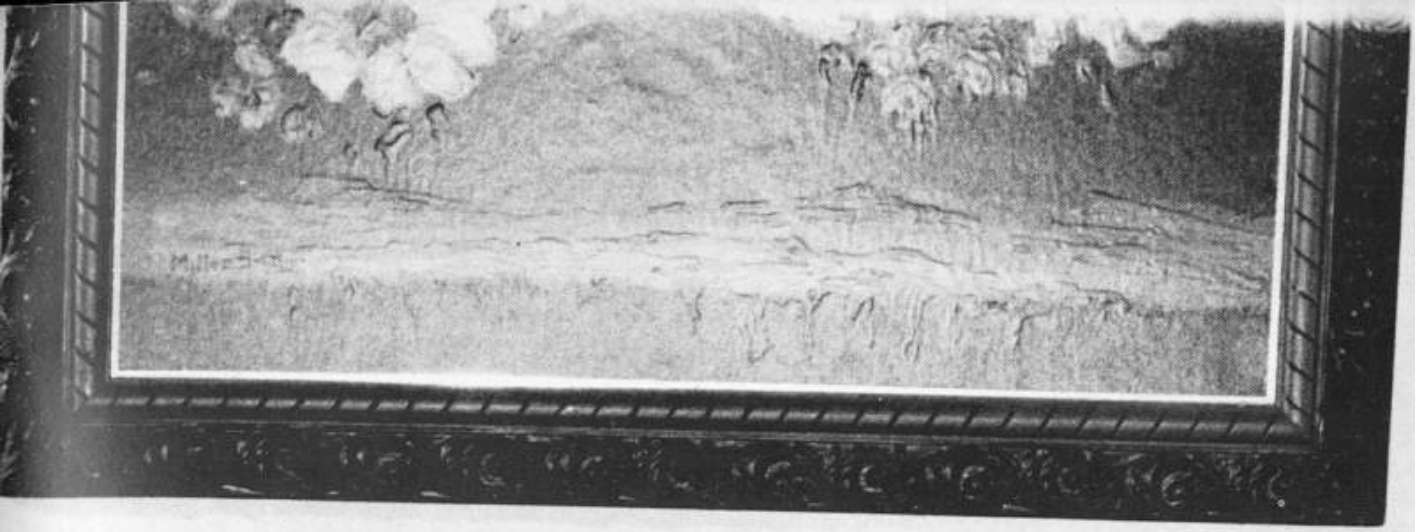
"You'll have to wait. Like tomorrow? Don't think I could possibly get it up again today."

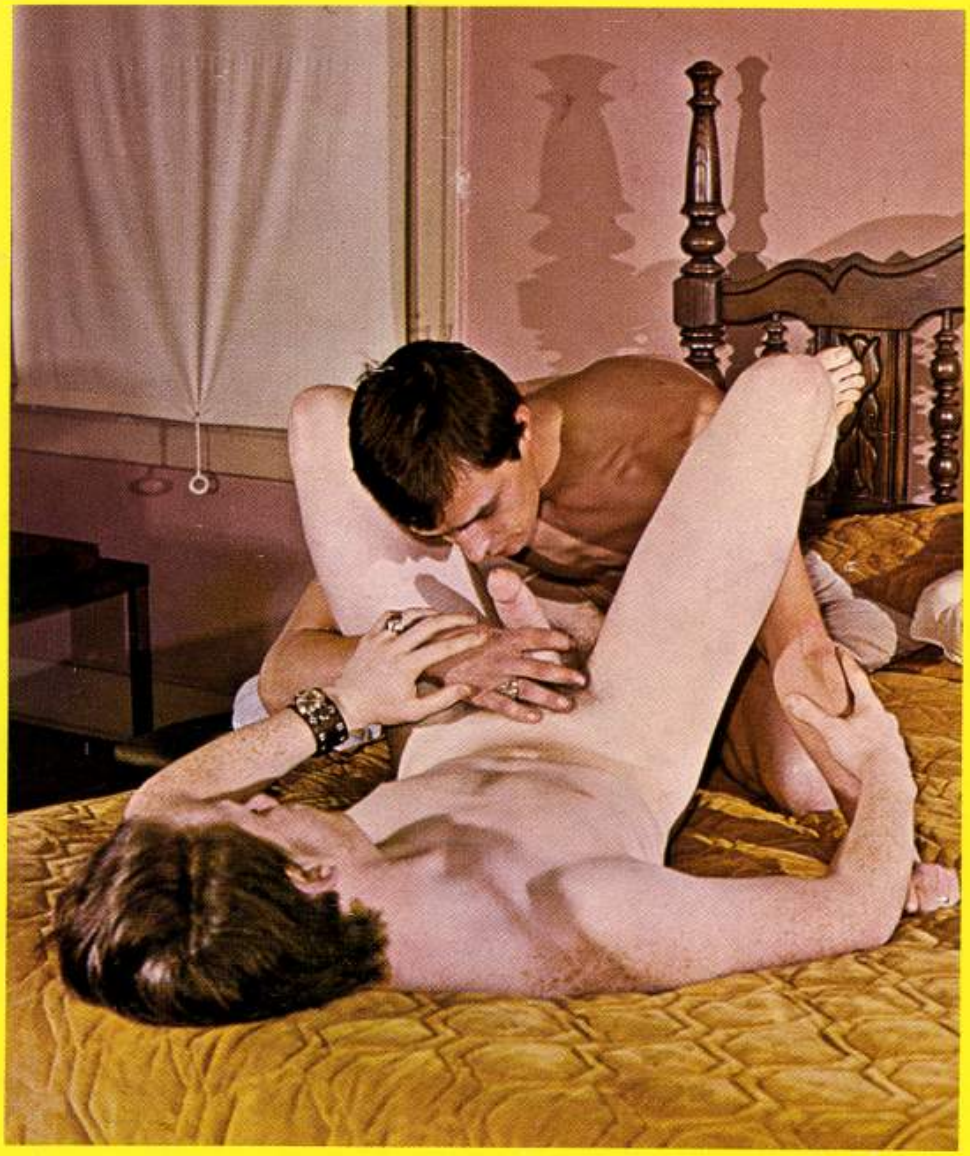
"Well, you haven't told me about your case yet. I'll just sit here keeping a good grip on you. That way if you do get your stuff up again, I won't have to bother putting it back in my hole. So tell me your story — and start back with when you were born. I've got all afternoon and night, and I'm darn sure not letting you go anyplace else till then."

Jim talked on and on, getting his "stuff" up now and then, Sonny holding him tightly for hours.

Lance Falcon







SALE TO MINORS FORBIDDEN